LAVGH, AND BE FAT.

NOw Monsieur *Cotier*, let thē laugh that wins,
For I assure ye now the game begins.
'Tis wondrous strange how your opinions varie,
From iudgement, sense, or reason so contrarie;
That with infamous rash timeritie,
You take at once with such seueritie.
The broad fac'd iests that other men puts on you,
You take for fauours well bestow'd vpon you.
In sport they giue you many a pleasant cuffe,
Yet no mans lines but mine you take in snuffe.
Which makes the ancient Prouerb be in force,
That some may with more safety steale a horse,

Then others may looke on: for ſtill it falls,
The weakeſt alwaies muſt goe to the walls.
I need not vſe this Etymologie,
My plainer meaning to exemplifie:
Which doth induce me to expreſſe the cauſe,
That my vntutor'd Pen to writing drawes,
Be it to all men by theſe preſents knowne,
That lately to the world was plainely ſhowne,
In a huge volume Gogmagoticall,
In Verſe and Proſe, with ſpeech dogmaticall,
Thy wondrous Trauels from thy native home,
How Odly out thou went'ſt, and Odly Come.
And how, as fitted beſt thy Workes of worth,
The rareſt Wits thy Booke did vſher forth.
But Ialas, to make thy fame more fuller,
Did lately write a Pamphlet call'd the *Sculler*:
In which, as vnto others of my friends,
I ſent to thee (brave Mounſieur) kind commends.
Which thou in double dudgeon tok'ſt from me,
And vow'ſt, and twear'ſt, thou wilt reuenged be.

The cauſe, I heare, your furie flameth from,
I ſhid I was no dunce-combe, cox-combe *Tom*:
What's

What's that to you (good Sir) that you ſhuld fume
Or rage, or chafe, or thinke I durſt preſume,
To ſpeake, or write, that you are ſuch a one?
I onely ſaid, that I my ſelfe was none.
Yet Sir, I'll be a Cocks-combe if ſo pleaſe you,
If you are ouer-laden Sir, I'll eaſe you.
Your ſtore of wiſdeſſe wiſedom in your budget,
To gine your friend a little neuer grudge it.
Nor that from *Odcombs* towne I firſt began,
Nor that I Greeke or Latine gabble can,
I am no Od-combe *Tom*, why what of that?
Nor nothing but bare Engliſh can I chat.
I pray what wrong is this to you good Sut?
Your indignation why ſhould this incurre?
Nor that I thought our Land had ſpent her ſtore,
That I need viſite Venice for a whore:
Which (if I would) I could make neerer proofes,
And not (like you) ſo farre to gall my hoofes.
I ſaid, if ſuch a volume I ſhould make,
The rareſt wits would ſcorne ſuch paines to take,
At my returne, amidſt my skarre-crowe totters,
To runne before me like ſo many trotters.
I know my merits neuer will be ſuch,
That they ſhould deigne to honour me ſo much.

I further said, I enuied not your state,
For you had nothing worthy of my hate.
In loue, your innocence I truely pittie, (rie.
Your plenteous want of wit, seems wondrous wit-
Your vertue cannot breed my hatefull loathing,
For what an alle were I to hate iust nothing?
Your vice I hate not neither I protest,
But loue, and laugh, and like it like the rest.
Your vice, nor vertue, manners, nor your forme,
Can breed in me fell enuies hatefull worme.
I said it was a lodging most vnfit,
Within an idle braine to houſe your wit.
Here I confesse, my fault I cannot hide,
You were not idle nor well occupide.
Be't faire, or foule, be't early, or be't late,
Your simple wit lies in your humble pate.
A King sometimes may in a cottage lie,
And Lyons rest in swines contagious stie.
So your rare wit that's euer at the full,
Lies in the caue of your rotundious skull,
Vntill your wisdoms pleasure send it forth,
From East to West, from South vnto the North.
& squib-crack lightning, empty hogshead thun-
To maze the world's terror & with wõdring. (dring
I boldly

I boldly bade you foole it at the Court,
There's no place elſe ſo fit for your reſort.
But though I bid you foole it, you may chuſe,
Though I command, yet Sir, you may refuſe;
For why, I thinke it more then fooliſh pittie,
So great a ieemme as you, ſhould grace the citie.
Whilſt I would foole it on the liquid Thames,
Still praying for the Maieſtie of *Iames*.
Good Sir, if this you take in ſuch diſgrace,
To giue you ſatisfaction, take my place,
And foole it on the Thames, whilſt I at Court,
Will trie, if I, like you, can make ſome ſport.
Or rather then for foolethip we will brawle,
You ſhall be foole in Court, on Thames and all.
Thus what to you I writ, loe here's the totall,
And you with angrie ſpleene haue deign'd to note (all:
And vow from hell to hale ſterne *Nemeſis*,
To whip me from the bounds of *Thameſis*.
Yet when I ope your paper murd'ring booke,
I ſee what paines the wiſeſt wits haue tooke,
To giue you titles ſupernodicall,
In orders orderleſſe methodicall:
There doe I ſee, how euery one doth ſtriue,
In ſpight of Death, to make thee ſtill ſuruiue.

No garded gowne-men, dead, not yet aliue,
But they make thee their great superlatiue.
In the beginning Alphabeticall,
With figures, tropes, and words pathetical,
They all successiuely from A to N,
Describe thee for the onely man of Men.

The frontispice of Master Coriats *Booke very learnedly descanted vpon, by Master* Laurence Whitakers *and Master* Benjamin Ionson.

Thy [a] Shippings, and thy Haddocks friendly seeding,
Thy [b] Carting in thy Trauels great proceeding:
Thy riding [c] Stirroplesse, thy iadish courser,
Thy [d] Ambling ore the Alpes; and which is worser,
After the Purgatorie of thy Legges,
Thy [e] Puncke bepelts thy pate with rotten egges.
Whē thou, braue man, assault'st to board a Pinace,
As [f] fits thy state, shee welcomes thee to Venice:
Thy running from the mis-beleeuing Iew,
Because thou thought'st the Iew sought more thē due;
For why, the Iew with superstition blinde,
Would haue thee leaue what most thou lou'st, behind.
How with a rusticke [g] Boore thou mad'st a fraie,
And manfully brought all the blowes away.

The

The Turkish Emp'ror, or the Persian Sophy,
Can hardly match thy monumentall Trophie.
Thy auncient Jerkin, and thy aged sloppes,
From whose warme confines thy retainers drops.
I stand in feare to doe thy greatnesse wrong,
For 'tis suppos'd thou wast a thousand strong;
Who all deriu'd from thee their happy breeding,
And frō thy bountie had their cloathes & feeding.
Thy lasting Shooes, thy stockings, & thy garters,
To thy great fame are drawn & hangd in quarters.
Thy Hat most fitly beautifies thy crest,
Thy wits great couer, couers all the rest.
The letter K doth shew the braueſt sight:
But wherefore K? I'm sure thou art no Knight:
Why might not L, nor M, nor N, or O,
As well as knauish K thy picture showe?
But saucie K I see will haue a place,
When all the Crosse-row shall endure disgrace.
Who at the letter K doth truely seeke,
Shall see thee hemm'd with Latine & with Greek:
Whereas thy name, thy age, and *Odcombs* towne,
Are workemanly ingrau'd to thy renowne.
Beleaguerd roūd with three such female shapes
Whose features would enforce the gods to rapes

France, Germanie, and smu'-fac'd Italie,
Attend thee in a kind triplicitie.
France giues thee clusters of the fruitfull vine,
And Germanie (laies out) t'adorne thy shrine:
And Italie doth wittily imitate thee,
And prittily (shee saies) shee will delight thee.
But yet thy entertainment was but bitter,
At Bergamo with horses in their litter:
Whose rudish kindnesse in thy stomacke stickes,
Who for thy welcom flung thee coltish kickes.
Thy begging from the high-way Purse-takers,
Describes thee for a learned wiseakers.
Lo thus thy single worth is praised double,
For rare inuention neuer counts it trouble,
With rimelesse reasons, and with Reasons verse,
Thy great Odcombian glory to rehearse.
But yet, whilst they in pleasuries lap doe lull thee,
Amidst thy praise, egregiously they gull thee:
Th'art made *Tom* Table-talke, mongst gulls and
Thy book, & thee, & such esteemed taliats (gallats
When they are tired with thy trauels treading,
Then hauing naught to do, they fall to reading.
Thy wits false-galloping peramulation,
Which ease the Readers more then a purgation.

But

But to proceed, I'll recapitulate,
The praise that doth thy worth accommodate.
Thy Character in learn'd admired Pride,
The perfect vaside of thy humor thowes:
Attended with thy copious names Acrosticke,
To shew thee wisest being most fantasticke.

Next which, in doggrell rime is writ I wot,
Thy name, thy birth, & place where thou wast got:
Thy education, manners, and thy learning,
Thy going outward, and thy home returning.
Yet there I finde, the Writer hath tane leaue,
Midst words that seeme thy fame aloft to heaue,
That for no little foole he doth account thee,
But with the greatest vp aloft doth mount thee.
Tu'art lik'ned to a [18] ducke, a [19] drake, a Beare,
A iadish [20] Gelding that was made to beare:
An [21] Owle that sings, no wit, to whit, to who,
That nothing well can sing, nor say, nor doe.

Incipit Henricus Neuill de Aberguenie.

The follows next, a friend that faine would knig (the
But that he fears he should do more the right th

Yet whē his verses praise on cok-horse heues thee,
He found thee *Thomas*, & *Thomas* he leaues thee.

Incipit Henricus Neuil de Aberguenie

The 'Goose that guarded 'Rome with seuslesse (gagling,
Is here implor'd t'assist the Ganders stragling:
A pen made of her quill would lift thee soone,
As high as is the thorn bush in the Moone.

Incipit Ludouicus Lewknor.

Fooles 'past and 'present, & to come they say,
To thee in generall must all giue way:
Apuleius asse, nor *Mida's* lolling eares,
No fellowship with thee (braue *Coriat*) beares.
For 'tis concluded mongst the wizards all,
To make thee Master of Gul-finches hall.

Incipit Henricus Goodyer.

Old *Odcombs* odnesse makes not thee vneuen,
Nor carelesly set all at sixe and seauen.
Thy person's odde, vnparaleld, vnmatchd,

But

But yet thy Action's to the person patch'd.
Thy body and thy mind are twins in sadnesse,
Which makes thee euen in the midst of odnesse.
What ere thou only do'st, is euenly meant,
In [16] Idiotisme thou art euen an [17] Innocent.
Thy booke and shee are shap'd so like each other,
That if Booke on t'one, I see the tother.
Th'art light, th'art heauie, merry midst thy sadnes,
And still art wisest midst of all thy madnesse.
So odly euen thy feet thy iouiney trod,
That in conclusion thou art euenly odde.

Incipit Iohannes Paiton Iunior.

Thou saw'st so many cities, townes, and garrisons
That *Cæsar* must not make with thee coparisons.
Great *Iulius* Commentaries lies and rots,
As good for nothing but sloppe mustard pots.
For *Coriats* booke is onely in request,
All other volumes now may lie and rest.
Blind [18] *Homer* in his writings tooke great pain
yet he and thee doe differ many graines:
For in my minde I hold it most vnfit,
To liken *Homers* verses to thy Writ.

In-

Incipit Henricus Poole.

Next followes one, whose lines aloft doth raise,
Don [1]*Coriat*, chiefe Diego of our daies. (ther,
To praise thy booke, or [2]thee, hee wots not whe-
It makes him studie to praise both, or neither.
At last he learnedly lets flie at large,
Compares thy booke vnto a Welterne [3]*Barge*;
And saies vs [4]pittie thy all wordlesse worke,
In darke obscuritie at home shou'd lurke.
And then thy blunted courage to encourage,
Couragiously he counsels thee to forrage
Mongst forraine Regions, & t'obserue their state,
That to thy Country-men thou might'st relate
Arthy returne, their manners, liues, and lawe,
[5]Belcht from the tumbrell of thy gorged mawe.

Incipit Robertus Phillips.

his worthy man thy fame on high doth heaue,
t Mounsieur Leg-stretcher, pray giue me leaue,
ates that men doe much mistake thy age,
at thinke thou art not past the making [6]sage.

Tis

Tis hard to make a foole of one that's wise;
For wit doth pitty folly not despise:
But for to make a wise man of a foole,
To such a Clarke we both may goe to schoole.
Yet much I feare, to learne it is too late,
Our youthfull age, with wit, is out of date.
He saies, if any one a [19]foole dares call thee, (thee;
Let not his thundring big-mouth'd wordes apall
But in thine owne defence draw out thy [20]toole,
Thy Book, he means, which will, is courage coole.
For why, thy Booke shall like a brazen shield
Defend thy cause, and thee the glorie yeeld.
An [21][22]asse I'm sure could nere obserue so much,
Because an asses businesse is not such.
Yet if an asse could write as well as run,
He then perhaps, might doe as thou hast done.
But tis impossible a simple creature,
Should do such things (like thee) aboue his nature
Thou [23][24] *Aiax* of the frothie Whitson Ale,
Let *Æolus* breath, with many a friendly gale,
Fill full thy sailes; that after times may knowe,
VVhat thou to these our times do'st friend
That as of thee, the like was neuer heard, (show
They crowne thee with a [25]Marrot, or a Mard.

In

Incipit Dudleius Digges.

Here's one affirmes thy nocke is onely thine,
How basely thou didst steale nor yet purloine,
But from the labour of thy legges and braine,
This [10] heire of thine did sise and soule obtaine.
Thou art no cuckold men may iustly gather,
Because the childe is made so like the father:
In nat'rall fashion, and in nat'rall wit,
Despight of Art, is [11] Nat'rall euery whit.

Incipit Rowlandus Cotton.

Columbus & Magelan, nor dreadfull [12] *Drake*,
These three, like [13] thee, did neuer iourney take.
Thou vntir'd trauelling adminis'd'en me,
[illegible] man that's wise will liken thee to them.
[illegible] [14] Casse, thy booke, may call thee sire & dam,
[illegible] body is the Dad, thy minde the Mam.
[illegible] toilesome carkasse got this child of worth,
[illegible] ch thy elaborate wit produced forth.
[illegible] *Iones* sweet benison befall the Barne,
[illegible] quickly it the fathers wit could learne.

So

So thou nor male nor female art by right,
But both in one, a true Hermophrodite,
That man may well be call'd an idle mome,
That mockes the [illegible] Cocke because bee weares a
A man to better ese may put his tongue, (combe:
Then flout an [illegible] Asse because his eares be long.
To thee alone in Troapes sophisticall,
These lines are writ in speeches mysticall. (thorn,
The [illegible] Moones owne man that beares the bush of
May rue the time, that ere thy selfe wast borne;
Thou hast bin, where's he hath never beene,
And seene more sights then *Luna's* man hath
Cast lots with him, for why, I thinke it fit, (seene.
Thou had'st his bush to shrowd thy nat'rall wit.
Tis pittie [illegible] Calculations of thy birth,
Should be diuulg'd about this massie earth;
For out of it each foole would matter pike,
By Obseruation to beget thy like.

Incipit Robertus Yaxley.

Now Mounsieur *Coriat* enuie not the Sculler,
Here's one would haue thy coat of many a culler,
And as besits thy person, he thinks best,

Thou

Thou had'ſt a cap &[3] Cocks-combe for thy creſt,
And cauſe a traueller may boldly lie,
A [4]whetſtone Embleme-wiſe muſt hang thereby.
And at the laſt he endes in pleaſant ſort, (['5]ſport.
And ſaies, [6]thy booke, & [7]thee, were made for

Incipit Iohannes Strangwaies.

This gentleman thy trauels doth aduance,
Aboue [8 9] *Kemps* Norwich anticke Morris dances:
And hauing grac'd thy fame with praiſes meete,
Talkes of thy ſhoes, and of thy galled feete.
And how thou thought'ſt the Iewes were too too cruell,
And ran'ſt away fr[o] them, to ſaue thy iewel.
Thy heels there help'd thee nimbly in thy [10]flight,
Since which, thy hands haue done much more to (wright.

Incipit Guilielmus Clauel.

Here's one whoſe Muſe was coniur'd fr[o] her ſleep,
And being rapt with admiration deepe,
Thy booke he titles [11] *Gogmagog* the huge,
Thy ſhield of ſafetie, and thy wits refuge.

Incipit

Iohannes Scorie.

Here's one that mouts thy fame beneath the sky,
And makes thee f[illegible]ours for Cosmography.
He saies, (but sure [illegible]ther iests or flouts)
Thou drew'st a [12] M. whē first thou pist thy clouts:
And how it was allotted thee by fate,
As soone as thou wast borne to talke and prate.
For as a candle's stuft with cotton weeke,
So thou art cramm'd vp to the brim with Greeke.
To Asia and to Affricke, preethee goe,
Let them like Europe thy rare vertues knowe.
And make thy Booke thy Buckler gainst all euill,
Whose [26] grim aspect will terrifie the diuell.

Iohannes Donne.

Another here thy Booke doth much commend,
That none can studie it to any [10] end.
Without or [12] head, or foot, or top, or taile;
Yet like a sauage monster dares assaile
The front of sadnesse, who with anticke grinning,
Applauds thee without ending or beginning.

NOTE

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Great Lunaticke, I thinke thou'lt nere be full,
Vntill the world cannot containe thy skull:
And like a foot-ball cram the vaultie skie,
Because earth, aire, nor sea cannot suffice
The greatnesse of thy Fame, [illegible] booke, and thee,
All three in one, and one of three.
Yet here's a Prophecie co[illegible]s thee much,
Which doth thy book and [illegible]ee too neerly tutch;
Both gulles, and gallants, thy poore brat bereaues,
And from thy book shall rend both limbs & leaues,
To wrap vp pepper, ginger, cloues, and mace,
And drie Tobacco in each skuruie place:
To fold vp drugs, and pilles, for physicks vse,
And serue for each Mechanicall abuse.
But I not minding with thy state to flatter,
Thinke 'twill be vs'd in many a priuie matter.
Thou ere thy wit do'st keepe such carefull watch,
That from thee one can hardly any catch: —
And sooth to say, his conscience is but little,
Which in his wants would seeke to rob the spittle.
Thy wits exchequer hath bin ouer kinde,
That (much I feare) there's little left behinde.
But thou (braue man) bid'st freely farewell it,
We'll raise Fifteenes, and Subsidies of wit

Shall

Shall fill thy ſeruiceable pate againe, (braine.
Whoſe pondrous waight ſhall tire thy bearing
Then feare not man, but ſpēd it whilſt thou haſt it,
To doe thy countrey ſeruice tis not waſted. (quite,
This Author ſaies, thy booke [75] ore-throwes him
And therefore bids both it and thee good night.
The greatneſſe of it puts him in ſuch feares,
That he'll [76] reade neither all, nor none he ſweares.

Richardus Martin.

This friend of thine, thy wiſedom cannot mocke,
Yet he intitles thee an Od comb'd cocke:
T'had bin all one, if at thy comming home,
He had but plac'd the cocke before the combe.
To make thy name more learnedly appeare,
He calls thee here an Od comb'd Chanticleere.

I know not who this ſhould be, but it is the next Engliſh to M. Laurence Whitakers *Out-landiſh.*

ow here's another like a true Atturney,
leades very wiſely, and applauds thy iourney:

And saies, thy trauels thou didst so decipher,
As well the world may see thou art no cipher.
And how thy book so liuely out doth show thee,
That whosoere doth see't must truly know thee.

Hugo Holland.

This man doth praise thy totterd ragged shirt,
Thy shooes, and shanks, at all he hath a flirt:
And like a [16] patient bearing Asse, he saies,
Thou bear'st thy load through faire and fowlest waies.
And for in cariage thou didst proue so able,
At night thou lai'st with iades within a stable.
Thou wast not onely in thy pace an asse,
But thou all other asses didst surpasse.
All beasts in knowledge were to thee but weake,
For thou the tõgue of [17] *Balaams* asse didst speake.
But much I feare, thy booke in print will staine,
Because thou art not di'd a [18] ( )in graine.

The Preamble to the Paralel, and the Epilogue.

Againe, this Author thinkes it no great slander,

To

To say thou fitly mai'st be call'd a Gander.
Braue trotting traueller, thy fame he hisses,
And makes thy wit inferiour to [14]*Vlisses*.
And if he laugh not at thee, much he feares,
In angrie spleene thou'lt haue him by the eares.
Therefore hee'll laugh at thee, and so will I,
In hope to scape thy furious rage thereby.

Next, in the auncient famous Cambrian tongue,
To call thee [2]noddie he accounts no wrong.
T'interpret this, I need to goe to Schoole,
I wot not what he meanes, except a ( ).

Robertus Riccomontanus.

A large relation this thy friend did write,
Describing thee a monstrous man of might:
And bids thee venter such another taske:
And at thy backe returne he'll haue a caske,
Much bigger then the Heidelbergian Bumbard,
To keepe thy works, that neuer can be numberd.

Christopherus Brooke Eboracensis.

This gentleman in some vnmeasur'd measure,

Compares thee vnto *Homer* and to *Cæsar*.
Old *Homers* Iliads are but idle tales, (scales.
Waigh'd with thy works, thy booke wil turne the
And like great *Cæsar* he doth thee commend,
For thou like him, hast all thy trauels pen'd.
But yet, me thinks, he plaies the merry foxe,
And in thy praises writes a Paradoxe.

Hold, holla, holla, weehee, stand I say, (splaie:
Here's one with horse-verse doth thy praise di-
Without all sense, or reason, forme, or hue:
He kicks and flings, and winces thee thy due.
He maketh shift in speeches mysticall,
To write strange verses Cabalisticall;
Much like thy booke and thee, in wit, and shape,
Whilst I in imitation am his Ape.

Iohannes Hoskins, Cabalisticall, or Horse verse.

Mount *Malvorn* swimming on a big-limb'd gnat,
And *Titan* tilting with a flaming Swanne,
Great *Atlas* flying on a winged Sprat,
Arm'd with the Hemisphears huge warming pan.

Or

Or like the triple Vrchins of the Ash, (doore,
That lies and flies through *Morpheus* sweet-fac'd
Doth drowne the starres with a Poledauies flash,
And make the smooth-heel'd ambling rockes to
Euen so this tall Colũbrum Pigmy steeple, (rore:
That bores the Butterflie aboue the spheare;
Puls *Aeolus* taile, and *Neptunes* mountains tipple,
Whilst *Coloquintida* his fame shall reare.
Loe thus my Muse, in stumbling iadish verse,
On horse-backe and on foot thy praise rehearse.

Prickesong.

Here's one harmoniously thy fame doth raise,
With Pricksong verse to giue thee prick & praise;
But prick nor spur can make thee mend thy trot,
For thou by nature art nor cold nor hot:
But a meere nat'rall, neutrall amongst men,
Arm'd like the bristles of a Porcupen.

If French, or Venice Puncks had fir'd or scald thee
This man had neuer raw bon'd *Coriat* cald thee:
Thou that so many Climates hotly coasted,
I wonder much thou wast not boild nor roasted.

Yet euery man that eart thy carkaſſe ſaw,
Are much in doubt if thou bee'ſt roaſt or raw.

Iohannes Pawlet, de George Henton.

Now here's another in thy praiſes ran,
And would intitle thee the great god Pan.
No warming pan thou art I plainely ſee,
No fire-pan, nor no frying-pan canſt thou be.
Thou art no creame-pan neither, worthy man,
Although thy wits lie in thy heads braine pan.

Lionel Cranfield.

This gentleman thy wondrous trauels ripe,
And nothing that may honour thee he skips.
Thy yron memory thy booke did write,
I preethee keepe a wench to keepe it bright;
For cankerd ruſt I know will yron fret,
And make the wit and memorie forget.
Leſt ruſt therefore, thy memory ſhould deuoure,
I'de haue the hire a Tinker it to ſcowre.

Iohannes

Iohannes Sutclin.

Now here's a friend doth to thy fame confeſſe,
Thy wit were greater, if thy worke were leſſe.
He from thy labour treats thee to giue o're,
And then thy eaſe and wit will be much more.
Lo thus thy ſmall wit, and thy labour great,
He ſummons to a peaceable retreat.

Inigo Iones.

What liuing wight can in thy praiſe be dum,
Thou crowing Cock, that didſt frō Odcom come.
This gentleman amongſt the reſt doth flocke,
To ſing thy fame, thou famous Odcomb'd cocke.
And learnedly to doe thee greater grace,
Relates how thou canſt ſcrew thy veriuyce face.
He wiſhes him that ſcornes thy booke to reade,
If at the Seſſions houſe he chance to plead,
That he may want his booke, although he craue;
But yet thy booke will ſooner hang then ſaue.
So many gallowſes are in thy booke,
Which none can read without a hanging looke.

Georgius

Georgius Siddenham.

Now here's a Subſtantiue ſtands by himſelfe,
And makes thee famous for an anticke elfe:
But yet me thinks he giues thee but a frumpe,
In telling how thou kiſt a wenches rumpe:
To ſpoyle her ruffe I thinke thou ſtood'ſt in feare,
That was the cauſe that made thee kiſſe her there.

Robertus Halfwell.

Thy praiſe and worth this man accounts not ſmall,
But t'had bin greater writing not at all:
Thy booke he calles Dame Admirations brother,
I thinke the world vnworthy ſuch another.
Thy booke can make men merrie that are ſad,
But ſuch another ſure will make men mad.

Iohannes Gifford.

This friend amongſt the reſt, takes little paine,
To laud the iſſue of thy teeming braine:
And to applaud thee with his beſt endeauor,

Hee

He begs his wits to helpe him now, or neuer.
He bids graue *Munſter* reuerence thy renowne,
And lay his pen aſide, and combe thy crowne.
He praiſes thee, as though he meant to ſplit all,
And ſaies, thou art all wit (but yet no witall)
Except thy head, which like a skonce or fort,
Is barracado'd ſtrong, leſt wits reſort,
Within thy braines ſhould raiſe an inſurrection,
And ſo captiue thy head to wits ſubiection.

Robertus Corbet.

The luggage of thy wit, thy Booke he tearmes,
The bagge and baggage of thy legs and armes,
That neuer can be vnderſtood by none,
But onely ſuch as are like thee alone.

Iohannes Donnes.

This gentleman commends thy Trauels much,
Becauſe like thee, was neuer any ſuch.
Decembers thunder, nor hot Iulies ſnow,
Are nothing like the wonders thou do'ſt ſhow.

Iohannes

Iohannes Chapman.

Here's one in kindneſſe learnedly compacts,
Thy naturall ieſt's, and thy all naturall acts.
And craues the Reader would ſome pittie take,
To buy thy booke, euen for his owne deere ſake.
For of thy trauels, and thy great deſignes,
There's little matter writ in many lines.
Thou in much writing tak'ſt ſuch great delight,
That if men read, thou car'ſt not what thou write.
This man could well afford to praiſe thee more,
But that hee's loth to haue thee on his ſcore:
For he no longer will thy praiſe purſue,
Leſt he ſhould pay thee more then is his due.

Iohannes Owen.

This Author (to thy fame) in friendſhip ſaies,
How ancient Writers pen'd the Aſſes praiſe:
And wiſhes ſome of them aliue agen,
That they alone might thy high praiſes pen.

Petrus

Petrus Alley.

Now here's a friend that lowd thy glory rings,
With Cannons, Sakers, Culuerings, and Slings,
Guns, drums, and phifes, and the fhrill clang'rous
Aplauds thy courting the Venetiã fh ũpet. (trũpet

Samuel Page.

This gentleman accounts it no great wrong,
Amidſt thy praiſe, to ſay thy eares be long:
His meaning my conſtruction much ſurpaſſes,
I wot not what he meanes, except an (.)

Thomas Momford.

Here's a ſtrange riddle puts me much in doubt,
Thy head's within thy wit, thy wit's without:
T'were good ſome friend of thine would take the
To put thy wit i'the inſide of thy braines. (paines
For pittie doe not turne it out of dore,
Thy head will hold it, if t'were ten times more.

Thomas

Thomas Bastard.

This gentleman aduiseth thee take heed,
Lest on thy praise to greedily thou feed:
But though, too much, a surfet breed he saies,
Yet thou shalt surfet, but not die of praise.

Guillielmus Baker.

Here's one by no meanes at thy fame can winke,
And saies, how most men say thou pissest inke:
If it be true, I'de giue my guilded raper,
That to thy inke thou couldst fir-reuerẽce paper:
Thy gains would be much more, thy charges lesse,
When any workes of thine come to the Presse.
T'were good thy careswere par'd frõ off thy head,
T'would stand Cosmographers in wõdrous stead,
To make a Globe to serue this massie earth,
To be a mappe of laughter, and of mirth.
All new-found fustian phrases thou do'st sup,
And gainst a dearth of words do'st hoard them vp.
Yet where thou com'st, thou spend'st thy prating
Thogh no man vnderstãd thee, nor thy selfe. (pelfe

Th'art

Th'art a iewel to be hang'd most fit,
In eares, whose heads are nothing, but all wit.
And thy blown tõgue wil make great ships to saile
From coast to coast, if winde and weather faile.

Againe:

Againe his Muse from suddaine sleepe is waked,
And saies this booke of thine is nat'rall naked.
Thou surely art a seruiceable waiter, (loyter.
For when thou mad'st this booke, thou didst not
Yet much he doubts, if God or fiend wil haue thee
For if thou be'st sau'd, sure thy book wil saue thee.
If I to scape the gallows needs must reade,
I surely for another booke will plead:
The reason that incites me thereunto,
Thy booke to saue thee hath enough to doe.

This man hath a Greeke name.

This gentleman thy praise doth briefly note,
Compares thy wit and sences to a Goate,
And well thy breeding he hath here expresst.
A Phœnix hatch'd from out the Wag-tailes nest.

But

But let them say, and call thee what they will,
Thou wast, and art, and wilt be *Coriat* still.

Thomas Farnabie, alias Bainrafe.

Here's one that like a carefull true Collector,
Tels, like a Bee, thou fill'st thy combe with Nectar:
Die when thou wilt, in honour of thy Name,
Ram-headed Bel-weathers shall ring thy fame.

Guilielmus Austin.

I thinke this Author doth equiuocate,
In writing of the word *Assassinate*.
The word so prittily he seemes to curtall,
That I imagine it is done for sport all.
But he perswades thee, trauell once agen,
And make the world to surfet with thy pen.

Glareanus Vadeanus.

Thou fatall impe to Glastenburie Abbie,
The Prophecie includes thou art no babie;
That ouer Odcombs towne must one day ferrie;

As

As *Whiting* earſt did ouer Glaſtenberie.
But yet t'is pittie one of thy rare skill,
Should like the Monke be drownd vpon a hill.
If thou canſt climbe to heauen in hempen dring,
Thy fame for euer then my Muſe ſhall ſing:
But yet t'is ſafer in a Trunke to hide,
Then ſuch a dang'rous wincing iade to ride.

Iohannes Iackeſon.

Thou that haſt trauel'd much from coaſt to coaſt,
Come eat this Egge, that is nor rawe nor roſt:
For like a friend, this man hath plaid the cooke,
And potch'd this Gennie Egge into thy booke.

Michael Draiton.

Now here's another followes with a meſſe,
In haſte, before thy Booke comes to the Preſſe.
The ſhortneſſe of the time, is all his fault:
But now he's come, and brings thee ſpoons & ſalt.
He ſaies that thou haſt taught the right behauior,
How with great men we all may liue in fauor.
He bids thee liue, and with their loues to ioyne,

Whose worth and vertues are most like to thine.

Nicholas Smith.

This Author lively hath thy fame expreſt,
But yet his lines are different from the reſt:
For all but he that doe thy praiſes pen,
Say thou art farre vnlike to other men.
But this man to thy honour doth relate,
How many Courtiers thee do imitate:
And how for feare thou ſhould'ſt be ſtolne away,
They make themſelues as like thee as they may.
For if they looſe thee by falſe theft, or ſlaughter,
The court (I feare) will weep for want of laughter.
Thy greatnes here the poré-blind world may ſee,
He ſaies (not I) thy peeres haue iudged thee:
Stand to their cenſures then, make no deniall,
For ſurely thou haſt had a noble triall.

Laurentius Emley.

Here's one commends thy book, & bodies paine,
And counſels thee to trauell once againe;
Whereas the treaſure of thy wit and body,

Shal

Shall tire each lumpish asse, and droniſh noddie.
A horſe that beares thy corpes more eaſe ſhal find,
Then men can haue in bearing of thy minde:
For in thy minde is many a paire of gallowes,
Waigh's more thẽ thee, or twentie of thy fellows.
Was nothing in thy iourney, ſmall or mickle,
But in thy minde thou barrell'dſt it in pickle:
So that if men to ſee thy minde were able,
There's more confuſion then was ere at Babel.
For there's confuſion both of tongues and towers,
Of loftie ſteeples, and of lowly bowers.
Of Iibbets, racks, and round tormenting wheeles,
Of Haddockes, Paddockes, and of ſlipp'rie Eeles:
Of wit, of ſenſe, of reaſon, death, and life,
Of loue, of hate, of concord, and of ſtrife.
The ſeuen deadly ſinnes, and liberall Arts,
Doe in thy mind diſcord, and haue tane parts.
It is a doubt which ſide the conqueſt winnes,
Either the liberall Arts, or deadly ſinnes.
Not fourtie Elephants can beare the load,
Of pondrous things, that haue in thee abode.
Thy minde waighs more then I can write or ſpeak,
Which heauy burden *Atlas* backe would breake.

Iohannes Danis.

This gentleman thy trauels doth relate,
Applauding much the hardneſſe of thy pate:
I thinke thy head's as hard as ſteele, or rockes,
How could thy cocks-cõb elſe endure ſuch knocks?
The braueſt Smithes of Britaine haue tane paines,
To beat vpon the anuill of thy braines.
But let them beat, thou canſt abide the blowes,
Thou coũ'ſt tel cõfuors which thy frieds beſtowes.
One with a cocks-combe hits thee ore the comb,
Another with an Aſſes eares ſtrikes home:
Another with a fooles coat, and a cap,
As hard as he can driue giues thee a clap.
But let them ſtrike with what they pleaſe to ſtrike,
Thy hardened head will not their ſtrokes diſlike.
The blowes the boore did giue thee in the vineyard
Thou put'ſt thẽ vp, & neuer drew'ſt thy whiniard,
Thou took'ſt a beating from a booriſh foe-man,
I hope that thou wilt ſcorn a knock from no man.

Richardus Badley.

Here's one whoſe lines commend thee with the moſt,
And

And saies, how that a foole at Pentecost,
(At Whitsuntide he meanes) did ouerthrow thee,
And at thine owne blunt weapon ouer crow thee.
If it be true, me thinks t'is wondrous strange,
That thou so many countries ore should'st range;
And hast the tongues of Latine and of Greeke,
Yet gainst a foole should'st haue thy wits to seeke.
I at the Sessions house the like haue seene,
When malefactors at the bar haue beene: (plead,
Being wel-read schollers, for their booke would
Yet for their liues haue had no power to reade.
So thou great *Polypragmon* wast more graueld
With this wise foole, the elfe-wher as thou traueld.

Henricus Peacham.

Of all rare sights, in citie, court, or towne,
This Author saies thou brauely put'st them down;
The horride darke eclipse of Sunne or Moone,
The Lyon, Elephant, or the Baboone: (nail,
The huge Whale-bone, that's hang'd vp at White-
The sight of thee puts downe the diuell and all.
Tricks, sigges, and motions, are but idle toyes,
The sight of thee their glories all destroyes.

The ſweetneſſe of thy Phiſnomie is ſuch,
That many to behold it would giue much.
But they are blinde, and would giue much to ſee,
And therefore would giue much to looke on thee.

The Vtopian Tongue.

Thoytom Aſſe Coria Tuſhrump codſheadiruſtic,
Mungrellimo whiſh whap ragge dicote tottrie,
Mangeluſquē verminets nipſem barely bittimſore
Culliandolt trauelleribūque. graiphone trutchmore.
Puſſe per mew (Odcōb) gul abelgik foppery ſhig ſhag
Cock a peps Comb ſottiſhamp, Idioſhte momulus tag
(rag.

Iacobus Field.

This Author mongſt the reſt in kindneſſe comes,
To grace thy trauels with a world of *Toms*:
Tom thumbe, *Tom* foole, *Tom* piper, & *Tom*-aſſe,
Thou *Tom* of *Toms*, do'ſt all theſe *Toms* ſurpaſſe.
Tom tel-troath is a fooliſh gull to thee,
There's no compariſons twixt thee and he,
If tel-troath *Tom* were any of thy kin,

I thinke

I thinke thy Booke not halfe so bigge had bin.

Claredmus Videamus.

Not laſt, nor leaſt, but neere thy praiſes end,
This worthy man thy worthleſs works commends
No ſcuruie idle name he will thee call,
And therefore he will call thee none, but all.
If I on euery Epethite ſhould write,
Thy friends beſtow on thee, thou wādring wight,
No Reader then durſt on my writings looke,
They would ſo far out-ſwel thy boyſtrous booke.
But ſhorteſt writ the greateſt wit affoords,
And greateſt wit, conſiſts in feweſt words.

Thus Mounſier *Coriat* at your kind requeſt,
My recantation here I haue expreſt,
And in my Commentaries haue bin bold
To write of all that haue your fame inrol'd.
I meane of ſuch, my wit can vnderſtand,
That ſpeake the language of the Britaine land.
But for the Latine, French, the Greek, or Spaniſh,
Italian, or the Welch, from them I vaniſh.

I on these tongues by no meanes can comment,
For they are out of my dull Element.
Consider with your selfe, good Sir, I pray,
Who hath bin bolder with you, I, or they?
If I, I vow to make you satisfaction,
Either in words, or pen, or manly action:
I haue bin bold to descant on each iest,
Yet from the Text I nothing wrong did wrest:
My lines may be compared to the Thames,
Whose gliding current, and whose glassie streams,
On which if men doe looke, as in a glasse,
They may perceiue an asse to be an asse,
An owle an owle, a man to be a man:
And thou thou famous great Odcombian
Shalt see thy selfe descypherd out so plaine,
Thou shalt haue cause to thanke me for my paine.
But holla, holla, whither runs my pen;
I yet haue descanted what other men
Haue wrot before: but now I thinke it fit
To adde additions of mine owne to it.
I yet haue champ'd what better writers chaw'd,
And now my Muse incites me to applaud
Thy worth, thy fortune, and thy high desart,
That all the world may take thee Asse thou art.

And

And now to sing thy glorie I begin,
Thy worthy welcome vnto *Bossoms* Inne.

M. Coriats entertainment
at Bosoms Inne.

Iewes-trumps & Bag-pipes, musicke high & low,
Stretch to the height your merry squeaking notes
And all you Cockney cocks clap wings & crowe,
Here comes an *Odcombe* cocke will eat no oates.
Pipes, tabers, fiddles, trebble, and the base,
Blowe, sound, & scrape, fil all the ayre with mirth:
Blind harpers all your instruments vncase,
And welcome home the wonder of the earth:
Great *Coriat*, mirrour of the 4. fold world,
The fountaine whence Alacritie doth flow,
On whom rich Nature nat'rall gifts hath hurld,
Whom all admire, from Palace to the Plow:
The onely *Aristarck-asse* of this age,
The maine Exchequer of all mad-cap glee;
For Fortune thrust him on this earthly stage,
That he the onely Thing of Things should be.
He that so many galling steps hath trac'd,

That

That in so many countries earst hath bin,
And to his eutternall fame is grac'd,
To be well welcom'd vnto *Bosoms* Inne.
Vnto which place, whilst Christmas time doth last
If any one in progresse chance to come,
They of my Lords great bountie needs must tast,
Which oftentimes dooth proue a pondrous sum.
For why, my lustie liberall minded Lord
Is very friendly to all passengers,
And from his bountie freely doth affoard
Both pounds, and purses to all messengers.
And thither now is Monsieur *Odcombe* come,
Who on his owne back-side receiu'd his pay;
Not like the entertainment of *Iacke Drum*,
Who was best welcome when he went his way.
But he not taking my Lords coyne for current,
Against his Lordship and his followers raues,
Like to a cruell all-deuouring torrent. (braues:
These wordes hee vttered stuff'd with thundring
Base vassals of the blacke infernall den,
Vntutor'd pesants to the fiends of hell,
Damn'd Incubusses in the shapes of men, (dwell.
VVhose mind's the sinke where impious dealings
Curst age, when buzzards, owles, & blinded bats,

against

Against the princely Eagle rise in swarmes,
When weazels, polecats, hungrie rau'ning rats,
Against the Lyon raise rebellious armes.
When as the offall of the vilest earth,
Raile roguishly gainst their superior powers,
And seeme to contradict them in their mirth,
And blast with stinking breth their pleasãt hours.
When base mechanicke, muddy minded slaues,
Whose choysest food is garlicke & greene cheese,
The cursed offspring of hels horride caues,
Rude rugged rascals, clad in pelt and freeze.
And such are you you damn'd Tartarian whelps,
Vnmanner'd mungrels, sonnes of *Cerberus*,
Whom *Pluto* keepes, for speedy hellish helps,
T'increase the monarchie of *Erebus*.
But now my Muse with wrinckled laugheer fild,
Is like to burst: O hold my sides I pray,
For straight my Lord by his cõmand'ment wild,
(Cause *Coriat* did his Lordship disobay)
That in the Basket presently they mount him,
And let him see his auncient royall tower;
For he hath maz'd thẽ all, that they account him
To be some mightie man, of forceleſſe power:

And

And now the matter plainer to diſcloſe,
A little while I'll turne my verſe to proſe.

1. *Oration.*

Contaminous, peſtiferous, prepoſterous, ſtygmaticall, ſlauonian, ſlubberdegullions; ſince not the externall vnualued trappings, capariſons, or accoutrements, that I weare as outward ornaments or inuellopings of the more internal beautie of the mind that is incaged within them; ſince not the eye-amazing character of my auſtere Phiſiognomie: ſince not the ſword of *Aiax*, nor the words of *Vliſſes*; ſince no meanes nor proiect, neither of force or policie, could ſtay the rugged robuſtious rage that your innated hereditarie inciuilitie or inhumanity hath made you to inflict on me: I vow and ſweare, by the burning beard of ſcorching *Sol*, and by the bloody cut-throat cuttleaxe of ſwaggering *Mars*, and by the dimple in faire *Venus* chinne, and by the armed cornuted front of ſweating *Vulcan*, that I will execute on you ſuch confounding vengeance, that your offſprings offspring, to the 39. generation, ſhall ban with

with execrations as bitter as *coloquintida*, the day, houre, and bald-pated Time of this your audacious insolencie. And thou ignoble horse-rubbing peasant, that by the borrowed title of a Lord (being but a vilipendious mechanicall Hostler, hast laid this insulting insupportable command on me: the time shall come, when thou shalt cast thy anticke authoritie, as a snake casts her skinne; and then thou for an example to future posterities, shalt make an vnsauery period of thy malcuolent daies in litter and horse-dongue.

No sooner was this graue Oration ended,
Whereto my Lord, and all his traine attended,
Being strucken in an admirable maze,
That they like Ghosts on one another gaze:
Quoth one, this man doth coniure sure, I thinke,
No quoth another, he is much in drinke:
Nay quoth a third, I doubt he's raging mad,
Faith quoth my Lord, he's a most dangerous lad:
For such strange English from his tongue doth slide,
As no man (but himselfe) can speake beside:
If those that with their damnable intent,
Intended to blowe vp the Parlament,

Had

Had had but him, and halfe a dozen ſuch,
In gun-powder t'would ſure haue ſau'd th' much:
For why their tõgs with blown cõbuſtious words,
Had done more ſcath then gunpowder or ſwords.
But let him hang vntill his clam'rous tongue
Vntwiſt with ſmoother garbe this ſawcie wrong.
Yet I imagine ſome ſtrange ſecret worke
Did in his hanging in the Basket lurke.
What greater fame could to his glorie riſe,
Then with a rope to trauell t'ward the skies?
And there to doe his carkaſſe greateſt grace,
Among the gods to giue him *Momus* place.
For *Saturne*, *Iupiter*, and *Phaetons* dad,
Are all enamor'd on this louely lad.
Mars, *Venus*, and the tel-tale *Mercurie*,
Doe all deſire *Tom Coriats* company.
And *Luna*, ſure ſhee's quite beſides her wits,
Still wauering, changing, with fantaſticke fits:
Tis thought ſhee neuer will come to her ſelfe,
Till ſhee poſſeſſe this worthy worthleſſe elfe.
For he's the man that Nature makes her casket,
To mount the skies in triumph in a basket.
But out alas my Muſe, where haſt thou bin,
I ſhould haue kept my ſelfe at *Boſomes* Inne.

And

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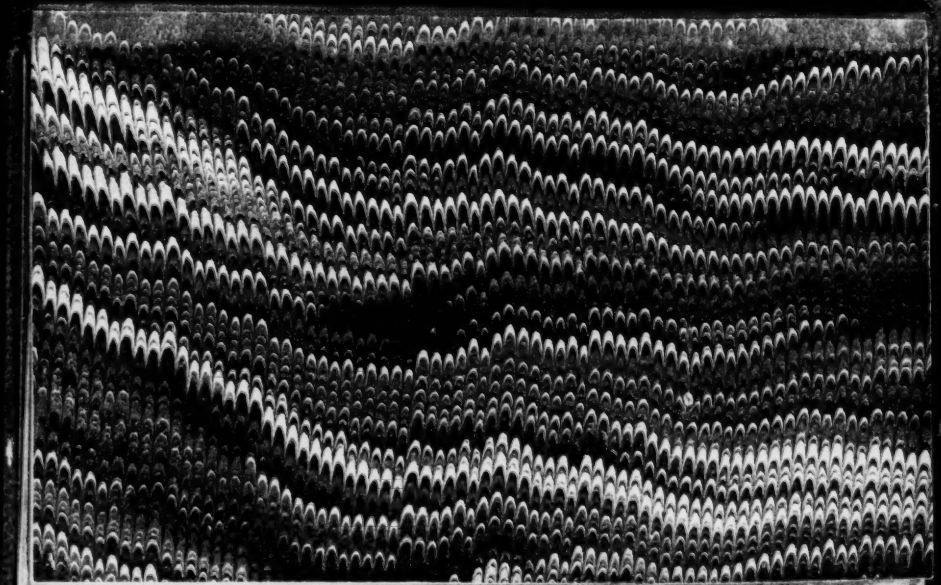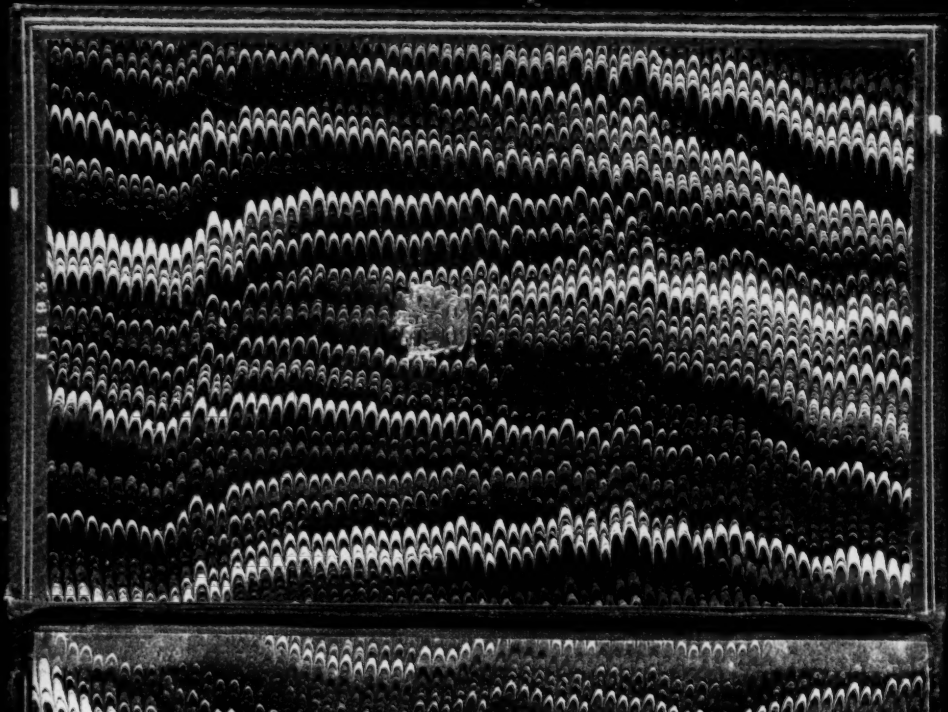
And